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The Liberalist

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In Memoriam

Frank Anderson

Charles C. Crane

George Formanek, Jr.

Robert Osterberg

Walter Scott Sexton

H. John Tinling

Alfred Taylor

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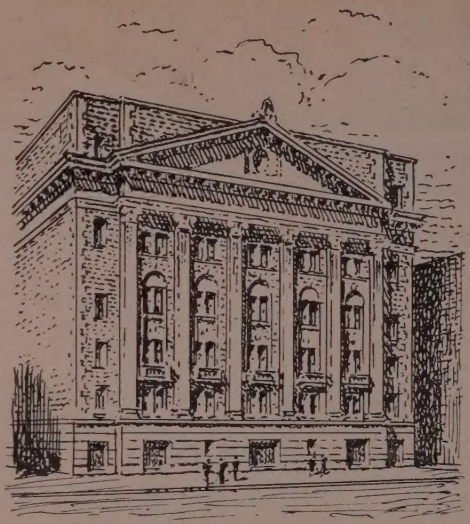
(Military Rank Not Designated)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXI **February, 1945** *Number 11*

ARE YOU "JITTERY?"

There is an old expression, you recall, which says "Life is just one thing after another." If life were just one thing after another, we could handle it and most people would do a pretty good job, but life isn't one thing after another. Life is many things all at once, and when the many things overwhelm us and all in one hour as they sometimes do, then the real test comes. Then we begin to get jittery and afraid of life.

It is all very relative, and while things all bear a definite relationship to each other, they can be separated and we can take one thing, one occasion, one person, one situation at a time and meet it. It is this inability to see things in terms of a definite sequence rather than as a jumbled hodge-podge thrown at us all at once, with ourselves in the center of a swirling, screeching world, that is our difficulty.

None of us escape—things are hurled at us all at once—troubles never come singly—and when a whole world is in turmoil, a turmoil which is reflected back into the heart and life of every individual, it is well for us to seek more and more the proper and adequate technique and attitude toward living life in this kind of a world.

Losing our own troubles in helping to solve and carry the burdens and troubles of others is the best technique I know. The moment you start unselfishly serving in some of the myriads of places where real help is needed, that moment your own inner conflicts will clear up—your own personal problems will be met.—P. B.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan
33rd Year

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast (2,000 seats)

✦ ✦ ✦

Church School of Religious Education—Sunday, 9:30 A.M.

✦ ✦ ✦

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures—8:00 to 9:30

✦ ✦ ✦

Dr. Bradley's Book Lectures for February

Feb. 7—"HARD FACTS"
by Howard Spring

Feb. 14—"EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN"
by Gwethalyn Graham

Feb. 21—"THE GENTLEMEN TALK OF PEACE"
by William B. Ziff

Feb. 28—"SCARLET LILY"
by Father Murphy

✦ ✦ ✦

Hear Dr. Bradley's Broadcasts

WGN—6:00 P.M.—Monday Through Friday
(Each Wednesday a Book Review—Each Friday a Question Box)

WJJD—11:00 to 12:30—Every Sunday Morning

Announcing—A thirteen-weeks Series of Round-Table Broadcasts, "Liberal Religion on the Air," sponsored by the Chicago Unitarian Council.

Every Sunday at 1:45 p.m. over WAIT (820 on the dial)

Closing Broadcast subject: "Liberal Religion and Immortality"
Sunday, February 25th—Dr. Preston Bradley

MEMORIAL SERMON TO ROBERT OSTERBERG

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
December 17, 1944

WE ARE all in the midst of our preparations for the observance of the birth of Christ, and certainly not in my experience, which has extended over quite a long time, has the Christmas season approached with the challenge which it carries this year.

Christmas this year will be different, more different than most of us realize, perhaps. It will not be different because we lack money. I was speaking yesterday with one of the important merchants of State Street who told me that State Street would have, by millions, probably the largest income in the history of the City of Chicago. People are buying as they have never bought before in our history, and much of that which they are buying is not worth that which they are paying. Christmas will not be different because we do not have any money. The purchasing power of the American people is higher at this moment than it has ever been, and there is less to buy with our money. But Christmas will be different, and the preparation for the experience of that difference is in my heart this morning.

We are very rapidly coming to the crossroads, the crossroads of the world! This may be—and I never spoke with a deeper sense of solemnity or importance—the last chance the world will have to make an abiding peace for a thousand years! We are going to decide for the centuries whether it is to be an experiment of peace, or whether the world is to become an "armed camp"; whether the youth of all nations, without exception, will be trained for the purpose of war, with an increase of suspicion, of jealousy on the part of the diplomats of the nations, or whether we are going to build a world of peace. It is to be one thing or the other, and you cannot build peace without preparing for peace; you cannot fight war without preparing for war. This element of preparation enters into both philosophies and efforts. *WE ARE EITHER GOING TO LAY THE FOUNDATION FOR WORLD PEACE, OR WE ARE GOING TO LAY THE FOUNDATION FOR A REPETITION AND CONTINUITY OF WORLD WAR—THE CHOICE IS BEFORE YOU TO BE MADE!*

War has no difficulty getting a response. People respond sacrificially to war which has about it the glamour and dynamics of action. There is a glamour and a glitter about it all, and not a little pageantry, while at the same time it appeals to some of our fundamental emotions of love of one's hearth and one's country, and boundary lines, and religious loyalties. War has all the dynamics on its side. It is spectacular, it is romantic, and it does not take but very little to inflame the minds, stir up the prejudices, arouse the emotions of the people for war.

Peace is different, quite different. When the opportunities for the creation of peace come, we find ourselves so easily breaking up into segments again, self-interest, national interest, racial pride—these are the enemies, so effective and so powerful, against any program of peace.

I hear repeatedly again, as the rumblings of difficulty and discord and disunity are felt among the nations of the

world in this hour, even before peace gets a chance, even before our gallant and brave boys are cold in death, even before the song of angels rings out in such paradoxical relationship to the songs of bitterness and hate that will rend the sky on Christmas morning, even before those songs get a chance, already the same old technique, the same old selfishness, the same old lust of empire, the same old balance of power, the same old creation of buffer states, the same old gambling with human lives, the same old disregard of the people—the people, as I often say, who pay the biggest price in war and receive the least in peace—the peoples of the world and the peoples of the nations, before they even get a chance, after the most ghastly, agonizing, planetary upheaval the world and history have ever produced, before they even get a chance, misunderstanding, hidden diplomacy, secret agreements, all these that belong to the outgrown era of man's past failures at the expense of human blood, dim the skies while brave men die. Peace does not get much of a chance, does it?

We have had 1900 years of the Prince of Peace—and that is the most beautiful appellation that I know of that can be used about the Master. He was called the "Prince of Peace," and now Christmas, which should come with songs and the lilting loveliness of little children's laughter—children who ought not to be robbed of the beauty and gaiety of Christmas, for it is their carnival, which they wait for a whole year,—yet when it comes this year father and mother will stand around a Christmas tree and see chubby little fingers busy in gleeful beauty as they unwrap their little toys, and father and mother hearts will tremble. They wonder, wonder, what may happen to that three-year-old lad, or four, or five-year-old boy, so lovely, so vivacious, what kind of a world he will have when he is twenty, and twenty-one, twenty-five? Every father's and mother's heart in all this blessed land will think of this—and why talk about it as only *our* land? I think, as I have said, babies cry in the same language around the world, and mother-father love is mother-love and father-love in Germany, Japan, India, Ireland, France, England, America. Well, isn't it? Of course it is. To deny that is to deny love, and yet love and peace do not seem to have much of a chance, and I think I know why, if you will pardon the presumption. I think it is because love and understanding and tolerance have never been adventuresome enough! I think we lack courage! I think we have been afraid! When Haille Selassie, at the hour of invasion, when his inoffensive country was swept over by hordes under the mandates of the tyrant, Mussolini, Haille Selassie said to the world: "Where are my tardy allies? If they do not come soon, or if they never come, it will be the end of western civilization for a hundred years." They did not come until it was all but too late, it almost happened! Nineteen hundred thirty-three, when the unspeakable Hitler came into power after the two years' efforts of Chancellor Bruening, in that very same year H. G. Wells wrote a book called "The Shape of Things to Come,"—he wrote it the same year that Hitler went into power in Germany—"The Shape of Things to Come," I have just finished re-reading it, and H. G. Wells portrayed in 1933 almost to the day what would happen in 1940—"if?"—and it happened.

Peace has a pretty hard row in a world where nations hesitated when they should have been strong, and they got into struggle at such a cost! So I am going to try and prepare for my Christmas in the light of a Christmas

for the world. It has nothing to do with money, and gifts, and materials, and drink, and food, and gaiety. I have an increased obligation which is deepening upon me, my dear people, every day of my life these days, and the significance of that obligation was never more vividly before me than at this hour while I speak.

Last Monday evening a lovely and a beautiful mother sat alone in her home, her husband was busy and engaged and had not yet returned when the doorbell rang and there stood a Western Union messenger. At the sight of him, you can well imagine the emotion of her heart and soul. Opening the telegram —"We regret to inform you . . ." and who was it? I spent an hour and a half yesterday afternoon with that father and mother after I had spent most of the afternoon in the hospitals. Standing upon the piano in that home was the photograph of another of our boys, Robert Osterberg, of our choir. You have all sat in those seats and seen his fine face time after time, he was always there in that choir. From a little boy of nine years of age in our Church school you have seen him take part in the Candle Light Service procession that you will see tonight; you have seen him in our Christmas plays. The students of Amundsen High School, the entire student body, are going to hold a memorial service for Robert. He was just past nineteen. He died in Germany on November 27th. His mother yesterday afternoon handed me his Christmas card, which had just arrived. "Christmas will be different this year," said Robert on that card, "different for us all and for the world." That's what that boy wrote.

I can see him now. Only last May, when he left, he stood at the bottom of those stairs and shook my hand and said, "Doctor Bradley, I love this Church, I have so many good friends everywhere," and he had. He was one of the most beautiful characters I have ever known; he was one of the finest personalities, a tall, strong, manly, powerful boy, good, thoroughly good, and he said to me: "I don't want to kill anybody, but it is my duty, I am in the uniform of my country."

I wanted to get the essay that Robert Osterberg wrote in the Rogers Park Woman's Club contest, and yesterday his mother gave it to me and I am going to read it to you. It was a winning essay. Robert won the contest with this essay, and I am so proud of him, and so of course are his parents—an only child. Never in that family has there ever been anything but love, no discord, just the beautiful presence of love. Here is what Robert wrote. He called his essay—

"THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE"

"Not an America of the future, not an England of the future, not a Germany of the future, but a more perfect world of the future is what I anticipate. When we say 'World of the Future' we mean it in its direct and literal sense. There can be no portion of the world isolated from any other portion, nor can there be any isolationist philosophy. It is by no means a stretch of the imagination that we try to visualize a future world in which we would like to live. In reality, it would be no different from that for which previous generations have striven.

"First, and most important of all, we should have a free and friendly commercial intercourse of nations. This is necessary for a strong economic status in all nations. Also, there must be a fair and equal distribution of all the world's natural resources.

"There must be an equal opportunity for all in the field of education, which must be compulsory, and in which a common universal ideal is

taught. This ideal ought to be respect for all human personality, because, in the eyes of the Creator, all men are equal. It was the great American patriot and president, Thomas Jefferson, who first said, 'Equal and exact justice to all men.' These words apply now as well as they did then.

"Each nation will have the right to choose its own form of government. It will be regulated, however, so that this government remains within the limits of its own boundaries and does not attempt to impose itself upon other nations.

"There must be a great reduction in armaments, and an international police force established, composed of all nations. This police force will act as a body, to see that the terms of the peace are preserved, and will prevent the breaking of these terms by any one nation or group of nations.

"A world court shall be formed which will settle all disputes justly and peaceably. Its authority shall be absolute.

"There must be tolerance; tolerance of all nations, creeds, races, colors, faiths and ideals.

"A group of the most brilliant doctors and scientists will work together, in a body, for the betterment of world health and sanitation and for constructive inventions rather than for implements of war.

"We of the younger generation realize that much of this work must be begun by the great leaders of the present generation, but that more will be left for us to do, and still more for our children to complete. If we can accomplish these beginnings, our future world will be one of which we can well be proud. It will be one of construction and not one of destruction; of tolerance and not intolerance. Our future world will eulogize less the feats of war and more the arts of peace. The future of the world rests largely in the hands of young America. We cannot afford to fail."

As I read this over in my study at two o'clock this morning, I could almost hear the echoes of sermons Robert had heard in the choir. That boy was interested and hoped that he might become a Liberal minister, and he is dead at nineteen. With these dreams and these hopes I shall meet Robert Osterberg again. I must pick up the torch where he laid it down, dying so bravely, so fearlessly—and he believed in these ideals and these hopes.

Christmas will be different, indeed it will. He wrote this poem over there in the Saar region where he was. He was with General Patton for a while and then went into the First Army. He was in the Infantry, and he called this poem—written just a few days before his death,

"The ARMOUR OF GOD"

"The Shield of Faith will stop no German bullet.
It will not lessen mortal sting;
And when the shells are flying high
Perhaps it seems a worthless thing.

But, if you have this Shield of Faith
No misfortune can dismay you.
If you have this Shield of Faith—
No sin, nor lie, nor falsehood, can betray you.

The Helmet of Salvation cannot
Protect your head from earthly scars;
It has no government priority—
And its value must be looked for in the stars.

But the Helmet of Salvation can keep your mind alert;
Horror, sin, nor evil can corrupt your soul.
This Helmet of Salvation has a secret charm,
And in purity will keep you whole.

The Sword of the Spirit will not be raised against a mortal foe,
But at its sight, injustice falls before its glistening glow.
The qualities of all that's good and true and just
Will be with you when with this you make the forward thrust.

And thus the armour prepared for you by God
Is at your beck and call.
It affords you little bodily protection,
But prepares you for eternal life,—that's all."

That's the poem he sent home.

At what a price, you Americans, your freedom, your liberty, your dollars, your opportunities! You are in debt to these boys, a debt you will never pay. You had better be careful, that debt will come due one of these days. They are coming home, those who are left, the youth of the world, and they are going to see you with your strikes, your profiteering, your wealth, your gold, your safety, your ease, your isolationism, and all the rest of it—and they are going to ask something about you; they are not going to die for naught.

Robert Osterberg did not die in vain. We all must die, but few of us can die for a great cause. We will all die, but it is the *THING WE DIE FOR THAT MATTERS.* We are going to place a gold star across from the name of "Robert Osterberg." I pledge him and the other fine boys from this Church with gold stars—and the two hundred more who are out there today and who will be there on Christmas day, I pledge them that they shall not have gone through this uselessly. I shall not stand by and let presidents or prime ministers, or rulers, or kings, wreck the cause for which they died, if it costs me this pulpit! I, too, am ready to sacrifice.

You are at the crossroads, America! And here is the last letter which I received from Robert:

"Dear Doctor Bradley:

Two weeks have passed since I was in the Church and in the choir. It was grand to get back again and see that things at home had remained pretty much the same. Out of my eleven days at home I can honestly say that two of the most pleasant were the two Sundays I was back in the choir. I was especially glad to be there and hear the memorial service for Mr. Abernethy.

What I can write now is limited due to censorship. I'm still in the States, but don't know for how long. Right now I think the best thing to do is to live day by day and make each day a new experience. There will no doubt be plenty. That will, I believe, make this whole thing pass quicker and bring about our victory and lasting peace much sooner.

Right now, as I write, I can visualize you all in church and the choir is just about to sing the anthem of the morning. Like most things, you don't appreciate your own church until you are away from it for a while.

Mother and Dad wrote and told me about your announcements regarding Invasion Day and the Day of Peace. They're really splendid.

Well, Doctor Bradley, as I say, the news is limited, just wanted to write to keep you in touch with me and the Church. Best of luck, will be seeing you. Robert."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

IN THIS editorial I am going to chat with the families of returning service men. The Division on Rehabilitation of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene has done some admirable and necessary work on a most important subject. One and a quarter million men from the armed forces have already come home. Millions more will return with victory. They are men who have had to become cogs in a huge military machine; men who have had to live with masses of men. Regimented and scheduled, this military life makes the freedom of civilian living seem remote and dream-like. Just as these men had to learn how to become soldiers or sailors or marines, now they must learn to live as civilians. We can all assist them in making this adjustment to civilian life easier and with better understanding if we try. It will not be difficult for us to show him how glad we are to have him back, and most of all, if he comes with handicaps, we must let him know always that it makes no difference in our love and esteem. Welcome him in your own quiet way. Do not call a family reunion which would expose him to the curiosity of everyone. He will get around to Uncle Jim and Aunt Sue in due time and will like it much better that way. Do not pry into his personal experiences. To ask him about the new lands he has visited and the folkways of the people is quite in order and he will gladly talk about those things, but questioning him too early and too seriously about his training and combat experience and the reasons for his discharge, are to be avoided. If he does choose to talk about these things, it will help him if you will be a good listener and not attempt to inject your own ideas and your own reactions too definitely. Remember he is the one who has had the experience, visited the places and the people. If he returns with a disability do not try to ignore it. As one columnist has put it, "I'd be mad as a prodded wasp if I came home without an arm or a leg and no one paid any attention to it and went on behaving nice and normal;" but don't magnify it. Emphasize what is left and not what is lost. And treat him as a normal person, not as an invalid. "More than anything else" the Committee on Mental Hygiene is convinced "that men fear being over-sympathized with and having too much done for

them by their families. They do not consider themselves 'washed up,' and they don't want to be treated as though they were. If they are treated as being well and competent most of them will quickly prove that they are. Avoid doing too much for your returned service man. Rather seek his help with jobs that will help you or others. This will help him much more. Always commend his efforts, but ignore the slips. This is a good policy with anybody at any time, but it is especially needed in dealing with men who come back worried and fretful. We all try to do our best if our virtues and successes are acknowledged, but we are apt to repeat faults if nagged about them."

Expect him to be different. He is sure to have grown up a lot. Because of nerve-racking experiences in the armed forces and his worry about getting into the swing of civilian living, he may be more easily irritated and annoyed; and let us not forget that we may have changed also. Take time to get re-acquainted. Particularly is this true of younger men and their wives or sweethearts. Allow him time and freedom to get acquainted with the old places and the old contacts. By all means encourage him to take up his favorite hobby or sport and get back to work as soon as able and lead a normal social life, but avoid pushing him.

Top Sergeant methods won't work at home. If you have a hopeful outlook he is likely to share your view. And don't just muddle through a situation if professional help is needed. Most nervous ailments respond to treatment. Social workers can help with adjustments, and vocational counselors can aid in the choice of training or employment. Your own faith and beauty of spirit is your chief stock in trade. He has to make his own way, but he will get on faster if he knows that you are for him, and if you enjoy even his small successes. Remember that his lot has been a lot tougher than ours, and for that reason we are in a better position than he to start getting the family back on a normal basis.

If you are a young wife, you will have to make a new start. Psychologically both you and your husband are pretty much in the same position as on the day of your marriage. You will have to guard against being too possessive. You should expect that your husband who has been associating with men while in the service, will still want to visit his friends and spend some of his time outside of home. If you are anxious about this, or regard it as a lack of devotion, your husband is sure to dislike it and is apt to go out more. If you are both wife and mother and during his absence became accustomed to managing family affairs on your own, you will have to be tactful to avoid the danger of ignoring your husband on the one hand and of controlling or regulating him on the other. You will have to give him a sense of importance in the family, but do not dump all the responsibilities on him suddenly. Give him time to pick up gradually. If you are parents whose sons were mere boys when they entered the service at 18, you will have to avoid thinking of them as boys when they return. They have matured beyond their years. Having felt deprived of their company for so long, it will be easy to be over-solicitous and show your affection as you did when they were children.

By all means show affection, but be careful to treat them as grown up men. Every one who can live out the spirit of these suggestions will be helpful to the returned service man, whether as parent, friend, neighbor or fellow worker. Everyone can help by considerate and respectful treatment.

BOOK CHATS

WITHIN the last few days I have strolled through the major book stores in Chicago's loop, as well as the book departments of our large department stores. It was a revelation to me. I like to make this pilgrimage. It never fails to be a fascinating and inspiring experience not only to see books which are on display but also to mingle with the people who are buying them. Literature and life can never be separated.

To have acquired and cultivated the habit of reading is one of the most noble and compensating of all of life's achievements, and of all the gifts which we can present at any time, few are more enduring and welcome than a good book. The books are all smaller now, as a rule, the texture of the paper is not up to the best, but the publishers have performed little short of miracles in presenting so many books with sturdy and enduring formats, as well as giving to the book lover an esthetic delight. But a book is not its cover nor the kind of type or paper. A book is what it says, and there are many great books, important books, and books that will last long after the din of this world's artillery of war is silenced.

Of course one cannot give a book without knowing well the likes and dislikes of the one to whom the gift book is presented. That is the reason why books that are given to us are usually such personal and intimate expressions. The ones who give them know us so well that the book carries a message of affection as few other gifts do. We must know the intellectual range, the things they are interested in, the kind of books they would like, before we can give appropriately. The loveliest and most enduring gifts which have ever come my way have been the books given by those who knew the kind of literature which I enjoy. Nothing gives one a more nostalgic moment than to take down a book from the book shelf, and on opening it, to find an inscription of appreciation and gratitude from a friend or a loved one. Long after every other present has been worn out and forgotten, that book becomes the bond across the years and awakens the beauty of memories that lingered and perhaps were lost awhile.

The entire field of literature is adequately represented in the books of this season. The novel, the biography, the autobiography, the essay and the world of poetry are all available. It is too early for the creative soul in any field of literature to sound the full depths of this war era. We do not understand the mountains when we are a part of them, nor does the full beauty dawn upon us when we are too close to them. It is the mountain peak, rising in the morning mist that brings the full significance of the mountain. We need more perspective than we have of the present, to give it full interpretation. The great individual of this period is yet to come; the greatest poet is yet to sing; the biographer will need a few more years in order to evaluate fully the significance of the personalities now playing so prominent a part upon the stage of our great world drama. We are too much a part of things to understand their full significance. Civilization has staked its tents and humanity is on the march and we must not forget that our men and women in the camps here at home, as well as those on the outposts of the nation all over the world

always welcome a book. And in the letters which I have had from many of them, they not only welcome many of the new books, but also some of the fine old books of yesterday. One boy wrote me from France the other day and asked if I would send him a copy of A. S. M. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." I have only the deepest pity for anyone who has not known the joys of reading. Books are very personal, very intimate bonds between you, the writer and the giver—a bond which grows more sacred and more beautiful with every passing year.

* * *

Riding with me in the same Pullman, on my way to Omaha, Nebraska, on a recent Sunday night, were 25 American airmen, just returning from the combat zone of the European theatre of war. All had seen combat, and most had been wounded. Shortly after leaving Chicago, I engaged in conversation several of these men. They were fine representatives of our American air services and it was my good fortune to meet one or two who, in a discussion of the experiences through which they had passed, evidenced a real philosophical attitude about the whole business. More and more, as I meet our men returning from combat zones, I am convinced that our usual attitude of being concerned about the men making their adjustments after the war, may have to be broadened, and that much of the adjustment will be on our own part, quite as much as on the part of the men who return.

This war has produced many men and women in the fields of the reporter, commentator, entertainer, writer, of various shades of opinion and degrees of ability. I asked these men whom they considered the most authentic writer from the combat areas, and almost with one voice they named the same man—Ernie Pyle. I asked one of them why they considered Ernie Pyle the most authoritative correspondent of this war and they replied: "Because he writes what the men would like to write, and what most of them would write if they could." I am sure that explains Ernie Pyle. And now he has given us another book, appropriately and truthfully named "Brave Men." You will recall that in his first book, which he called "Here Is Your War," Mr. Pyle wrote about his experiences in North Africa. That first book immediately had widespread recognition as being a faithful portrayal of what the men were experiencing and undergoing. Ernie Pyle, in his articles and in his books, does not editorialize or theorize, nor does he have any axe to grind. He is a true reporter. He portrays facts with such powers of description and detail that the reader becomes almost a participant with him in his experiences. This is great writing. Ernie Pyle does not write as one who tarries close to headquarters and reflects more or less official military opinion, but he is out in the thickest of the battle, sharing the same food, experiencing the same danger, participating in the same agony and joining in the same exultation and spirit of the men.

His new book, "Brave Men," is a book of nearly 500 pages, and all historians who write of this war in the years which are to come will be indebted to Ernie Pyle, for his sources are unassailable, his diction penetrating and vivid, his judgment accurate, his style lucid, and his understanding unbounded. I can surmise that every soldier and sailor and marine and aviator, when he reads this book, will say, "That is what I would like to have written about this greatest of all dramas." The new book contains the letters and articles from the assignment which took him to the battle fields of Sicily, Italy and France, and, without exaggeration,

to me it is the most adequate portrayal of this whole panorama that anyone has written. There are undoubtedly fathers and mothers tonight listening to me whose sons have been a part of the very engagements which Ernie Pyle outlines, have visited and participated in the scenes and experiences which he portrays, and if you want to know, realistically and truthfully, the kind of life that your sons have been living and what they have been going through, I encourage you to read this book. It will give us all a deeper and more penetrating understanding of the kind of men these boys of ours are. We thought we knew them. We thought we understood them. We thought we could appraise them accurately and adequately. But those of us who had the highest confidence in them, cannot reach the highest appreciation of these men until we know how they stood up and took the actual demands of this molloch of war. Ernie Pyle went with them. He slept in the same cowsheds. He ate the same "K" rations. He dodged the same shells and he participated with them in the same fears. Frankly and without apology he acknowledges his feeling of fear; that same old weakness in the joints he knew in Anzio, when the shells began landing around him. And he acknowledges it as he says: "I had been weak all over Tunisia and Sicily and parts of Italy, and I got weaker than ever in Anzio." But fear did not stop him, and it does not stop them.

He joined up with an engineering outfit, and saw them pull up mines and perform the almost miraculous job of building bridges in an hour. He shared huts with airmen, became an ex-officio member of an artillery crew, was a passenger on a hospital ship and talked with the wounded. He stood on the Normandy beachhead, and admits to a development of battlefield fever which is a compound of exhaustion and nervous tension, and which finally sent him to a hospital. Probably no one, not even the participants in the war, have seen so many different kinds of war, or have been any closer to it than was Ernie Pyle. One can hear the bombs and the shrill shriek of the oncoming shells when one reads his lines. One can even feel how cold the water was on the Anzio beachhead, in the foxholes, which were nearly always partly filled with cold water, and the men hid in those for a week or more, keeping their heads down, out of bullet fire. Only at night were they able to move or stretch; and I never will forget what he said about the men getting so sleepy that sometimes they fell over in the cold water, which woke them up. One man devised a system of tying himself up straight so that he could sleep without falling into the water.

Mr. Pyle was on the Normandy coast beachhead too, and walking along the beach a few days after D-Day, he tells us of the jumbled row, for mile on mile, of soldiers' packs. There were socks and shoe polish, sewing kits, Bibles, hand grenades. There were tooth brushes and razors and snapshots of families back home staring up at you from the sand—and the most ironic piece of equipment marking the beach, says Ernie Pyle, that beach which was first of despair, then of victory, was a tennis racket that some soldier had brought along, and it lay lonesomely in the sand, clamped in its press, and not a string broken. The branch that seemed to merit his extreme favor was the infantry. He went along in the mud with them, on a night advance in Italy. He dodged snipers' bullets with them among the hedgerows of France; and in the suburbs of Cherbourg he went into action with a company. Well, the men in tanks and foxholes don't have much time to write, and they may not be so

articulate as Ernie Pyle, but he has done it for them, and they are grateful to him, and that's why Ernie Pyle is the most widely beloved correspondent of this war. Not long ago he, too, came home, somewhat broken and shattered, but after restoration, which comes with rest, he was on his way back again. When I finished reading "Brave Men," by Ernie Pyle, I marveled that we, who are so comfortable and so secure, ever need any urging to back these men up with every dollar and all the help that we can give. No book about this war has deepened my responsibility to help all I can more than has "Brave Men," by Ernie Pyle. Canon Farrar's striking words come to me:

"I am only one,
But I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
What I can do
I ought to do;
And what I ought to do
By the grace of God I will do."

* * *

And now I am going to tell you about a book with nearly 800 pages. To do this in the short space at my disposal is a challenge which I can never meet adequately. The name of Will Durant is one of the established names in the literature of this nation. No man in the whole history of philosophy ever introduced that subject to more people, for I am sure every listener has heard of and most of you have probably read his best known book, "The Story of Philosophy."

Will Durant has received considerable criticism from some circles in the academic world, because he was able to popularize the subject of philosophy, a subject which some philosophers seem to think belongs only in the sacred precincts of the academic cloister. Will Durant took philosophy out of the narrow limitations of the academies and made it available to the rank and file of general readers.

With "The Story of Philosophy" he won a world-wide reputation, but twelve years before "The Story of Philosophy" appeared—and that would be in 1914—his life work, which he called "The Story of Civilization," was started. More than twenty years later, in 1935, Part 1 was published, under the title "Our Oriental Heritage." Four years later this was followed by the second part, "The Life of Greece," and now comes the book of our present interest, Part 3 of The Story of Civilization, entitled "Caesar and Christ."

Twenty-five years of preparation, and five years of writing went into his book "Caesar and Christ." Like the earlier volumes in this series, the present book is an independent self-contained segment of a five-volume cultural history of civilization, which will represent the life work of Will Durant. The volume to succeed this is entitled "The Age of Faith," and will be ready in 1950, and the final volume which will be the fifth and last, will be on modern history and will be published in 1955. When these five volumes are completed, it will mean more than 40 years of exacting research, luminous and lofty writing, on one of the greatest thistorical and literary projects in our literature. Each of these volumes will be complete in itself, covering the period designated by the author, but when this magnus opus is finally complete, to know it will be to know the story of civilization itself. By the way, Will Durant has also written a very interesting novel which he calls "Transition." This is autobiographical in character, and portrays interestingly his own intellectual development. There are also two other volumes, "The Mansions of Philosophy" and "Adventures in Genius," which are minor works compared to his Story of Civilization.

In the book "Caesar and Christ," we have a fine example of historical writing. It follows pretty largely the same period covered by Edward Gibbons in "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Will Durant graphically portrays the history of that empire as the rise of Rome from a small village to world conquest. He tells of its achievements through two centuries of security and peace from the Crimea to Gibraltar, and from the Euphrates to Hadrian's Wall. With historical fidelity and graphic portrayal we follow the growth of classic civilization over the Mediterranean and on into the Western European world. We see vividly the struggle of Rome to preserve its ordered realm from the sea of barbarism which surrounded it, and then its long, slow crumbling and final catastrophic collapse into darkness, chaos and oblivion. The first part of the book is the long story of Rome's rise and conquest over the Mediterranean world, and then he goes on discussing the factors which entered into Rome's decline. From the fearful sagacity of Augustus, to the unbridled imperialisms of Trajan, Dr. Durant rises to superb heights as an historian. The reigns of the "good" emperors, when the pax Romana lay like a benediction—or a pall—over the Empire, is perhaps less exciting reading except to those who can see the secret symptoms of an incurable disease. Then comes shockingly rapid decay under the military despots, somewhat checked by the finally failing state socialism of Diocletian. The volume comes to a close with the deterioration of the reforms of Diocletian, the decline of the four-ruler system and the reign of Constantine the Great, who transferred the capital of the Western world from dying Rome to Constantinople, thus bringing us up to the beginning of the Christian Roman Empire.

Politics and religion are but two aspects of what is primarily a cultural history—the story of a civilization. Government, industry, manners, morals, the status of women, law, philosophy, science, literature, religion and art, all played a part in the final fabric, woven so deftly on the loom of Will Durant's ability. The whole pageant of history from the period of the Caesars to Christ is a panorama which to know and understand would constitute a fortification against the modern world's repeating the mistakes of yesterday. Here we find the Catos, the Scipios and the Gracchi, Hannibal, Marius, Sulla, Catiline, Pompey, Caesar, Antony, Cleopatra and the Emperors, good, bad and indifferent, and we see Cicero, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tacitus, as well as Plutarch, Lucian and the great Marcus Aurelius. We watch the rise of temples, basilicas and forums, and visit a day of games and spectacles at Flavian amphitheatre, which lives in history with its nickname the Colosseum. Turning to the eastern Mediterranean, we accompany Christ on his ministry, witness the tragic scenes of the Passion, sail and walk with Paul on his missionary labors. The colors darken, Palmyra rises and falls, the Empire attains a new invincibility, finally declines and solidifies into a bureaucratic mold. The philosopher Durant reveals to the historian Durant that a knowledge of past events casts a shadow upon the present, and in the class struggles for power that typify all of Roman history from the Gracchi to Caesar, he finds an analogy in the development of Europe and America from the French revolution to the present time. We learn from the book, Caesar and Christ, that dictators throughout all the ages have used the same identical methods. The first Roman labor union was established about 600 B.C.

We read the history of bank fail-

ures, pork barrels, depressions, WPA projects, OPA regulations, state socialism, war time priority plans, electoral corruption, pressure groups, trade associations, and other phenomena of ancient Rome that might easily fit into front page headlines of our own time. Yes, indeed, this book is a valuable book. To know it is to understand better our own present century. If the permanency of democracy depends upon an educated citizenry, and I believe it does, the more people who read this book, the better for the solidifying of our democratic foundations under us. Our own great American philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson once said: "There is properly no history, only biography." And Emerson was right. If our civilization is not to go the way of those which have preceded it, it will be because we understand the forces which brought about the collapse of previous civilizations, and with will and determination propose that our civilization shall not go the same way.—P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

IT HAS been fine having some of our boys home on furlough for Christmas. Bill Burgland, home after more than two years in the Pacific, was happy the few Sundays he was here to fill his old place as usher on the same aisle he had before going away. Scott Sexton came home from the South Pacific to get acquainted with his six-months-old daughter. The christening which had awaited his presence took place in the Church amid broad smiles and happy pride of a soldier and a father! The joy of this young couple was a pleasure to see.

"Scotty," as we familiarly knew him, was hospitalized for a few weeks for an arthritic condition, then sent to Miami, from where he was returned to Ft. Sheridan for redistribution, and three days later was accidentally killed. The funeral was held in the Church January 22nd, the first military funeral we have had. We are deeply saddened and shocked by his death.

"Scotty" was a fine young man and will be greatly missed by his many friends. He was a member of the Church and of The Uptown Players, doing all the electrical wiring in the Center, and the lighting effects for the plays, before going into service. Here on furlough at the time of the Christmas Play in the Church he "ran the lights," always expert at doing it.

The "Gold Star" placed before the name of Walter Scott Sexton will be the eighth on our Honor Roll—three of these placed in December: Virgil Drew Widener, Robert Osterberg and Frank Anderson. For all of these boys we feel a personal loss and sorrow. Virgil Widener we knew from a small boy to young manhood. As a youngster, he with his mother and sister lived as our neighbors, all of them members of the Church. Virgil later went away to college and eventually located in New

York till entering the Navy. But what can we say? This same tragedy is being multiplied by the thousands all over the world. It is when it comes home—comes to friends—our Church—our neighbors—that we come under the dark shadow of it and struggle to give some word of comfort! Search mind and heart as I will I find no adequate expression of solace or help—words become meaningless.

Another death which occurred December 23rd touched the Church very deeply, that of Mrs. C. K. Anderson, a member for twenty-five years, and an active member of the Woman's Club. She will be long remembered for her kind and generous heart. A lovely, gracious soul, Mrs. Anderson had many, many friends and will be greatly missed. So the New Year has had a sad beginning for us in the Church. In the beginning of this article I said some of "our boys" were home for Christmas, and I must not neglect to mention two others.

Jay Merrick, who has been since a small boy in the Church School, looks very youthful in his Navy uniform, but two years in the Pacific has made him very much a man. He bade us goodbye again the first Sunday in the New Year. Carroll York, a Captain in the paratroopers, came home to have Christmas with his wife and two small children, on short furlough, leaving on New Year's morning. Capt. York is irked at his orders to report at a southern training camp. He wants to go over to be in the thick of it—but Uncle Sam says "No! We need you to instruct others!"

* * *

Now a peep at the Mail Bag will cheer us all. The very first letter is from a remarkable woman, over seventy, who says she has always been happy and thinks she becomes more so as the years pass! It is stimulating to read her letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I always listen to your broadcasts and enjoy them very much. I am seventy-two years old and have always been happy; but I think I enjoy life even more as the years go by. The poem by Robt. L. Stevenson, beginning, "If I should falter more or less in my great task of happiness," expresses my feelings. I do not have to try to be happy, I just can't help being so. I find my *task* in trying to make returns for all the good things that have come to me. If I can only help to make people see the great beauty in the common, everyday things of life, especially rural life, instead of looking elsewhere for enjoyment and satisfaction. Below is one of my own poems, that perhaps you may use sometime on the subject of Prayer.

When I Would Pray

"When I would pray,
I first must thank God for the blessings
he has given,
He has so rich a store in Heaven;
Then, he knows all my needs before I
ask;
This seems at once to lighten my
whole task.

If I abide in Him and do His will,
Have only love within my heart, listen,
be still,
'Whatever ye shall ask in My name
will I do,'
Believing this, I found the promise to
be true."

Mrs. Mary W. Holmes.

* * *

A letter of appreciation from one of "our boys" is a pleasure. Sgt. James Schneller writes: "Dear Doctor: Just a few lines in appreciation for the fine gift which I received several days ago from the Peoples Church. It arrived in good condition from its long ocean trip and I will certainly make good use of the items it contained. Of course such

articles as the cookies, pretzels and cigarettes disappeared at once. Christmas, despite everything being prepared for us, won't be what it was at home, but the knowledge our loved ones back home are missing us and thinking of us will see us through.

Many thanks and am looking forward to the day I can walk into Church once more to hear and see the service and you. Best regards to the Church and yourself throughout the coming year. Yours truly, Sgt. James Schneller."

* * *

Here is a delightful letter, full of sunshine and neighborliness, from Perry, Iowa, which begins: "Dear friend of the Radio: I have saved this day to write to you, thanking you for the suggestion you made to me of books that would be suitable for a book review. I am enjoying your book reviews on the radio and am following the reviews by reading as many of the books as I can. Each day I have tried to write some friend during the month and some very lovely answers have been received from them.

This is a wonderful sunny day in Iowa and we are surely appreciating it after many dark days. It seems a fitting day to give thanks and I was more than glad to say this morning as I do every morning, 'This is the day the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.' There is a tinge of sadness, too, for at this time of year father, mother and husband slipped away home.

Today I prepared dinner for myself and next door neighbor who, too, lives alone. She said: 'Say to Dr. Bradley that I follow his broadcasts and enjoy them.' You spoke last night of the homes into which your voice was going: humble, palatial and so on. At six o'clock a little table radio is on my dining table and I eat my dinner listening to your broadcast. Following it is Bill Anson's funfest. I was amused one evening to hear him ask who was Johnny Appleseed. Your recent broadcast came to me and 'Johnny Appleseed's' real name of John Chapman. Radio surely is a wonderful thing. How long we have waited for it!

Sincere appreciation from a radio friend, Emma Thornburg."

* * *

I am suddenly impressed with the thought—and it is encompassed in this article—that "God always gives us sunshine just behind the cloud," and glancing out the window from my desk, with a sense of thankfulness I note the sun is shining! After many, many days of dark—cold—snowy—foggy—depressing weather the sun shines—trees cast graceful shadows across the snow—open places in the ice of the lake are brilliant blue, reflecting the sky above —*and* the next time we chat in this column I can say, "So now comes the first day of Spring!" Please write—we need your letters.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book

"My Daily Strength"

SHARE THE BURDEN

"I want it said of me after I am gone that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow," said Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, thistle seekers! You who delight in hurting, you who love to tear apart —Good God! men and women, let us pluck thistles out and plant flowers!

Infinite and eternal Heart, our prayer goes out to Thee for every human soul that in these hours sustenance and strength may be theirs. We are mindful of all who are facing valiantly the challenges of this day, who are confused and in chaos, who are disturbed and worried, who are anxious and burdened. Help us to know that Thou dost help us to bear our load, and may we not seek for our own personal ease or comfort or our own sense of security or protection, but may we share in this agonizing hour with every burdened soul and life that is finding the way stony and beset with thorns, and with all who do not only have the mental anguish and the soul trouble which the times impose, but who, associated with this, are also sick in body.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

December 15th, 1944, to January 15th, 1945

DECEMBER

15—Radio Address. WGN.
Cut record. WGN.
Address. Temple Isaiah Israel.

17—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Memorial to Bob Osterberg.
Annual Candlelight Service.

18—Radio Address. Transcription. WGN.
Meeting Teachers' College Board.

19—Radio Address. WGN.

20—Radio Address. WGN.
Candlelight Service. Peoples Church.

21—Radio Address. WGN.
Candlelight Service. Peoples Church.
Luncheon with Rev. George J. G. Grieve of London, England, at YMCA.

22—Radio Address. WGN.
Address Annual S. S. Party. Peoples Church.

23—Address. WJJD. "Chicago Speaks" Program.

24—Christmas Sunday Sermon. Peoples Church.
Lecture Recital. Peoples Church.

25—Christmas Day Service. Peoples Church.
Radio Address. WGN.

26—Radio Address. WGN.

27—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Oak Park Borrowed Time Club, 1st Presbyterian Church, Oak Park.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

28—Address. Washington and Jane Smith Home.
Radio Address. WGN.

29—Radio Address. WGN.

30—Address. Memorial Services Iroquois Fire Victims. City Hall.

31—Morning and Evening Services. Peoples Church.
Annual Watch Night Service.

JANUARY

1—Radio Address. WGN.
2—Radio Address. WGN.
3—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Protestant Woman's Club. Wedgewood Rm. M.F. & Co.
Meeting Mayor's Com. on Race Relations.
Cut record. WGN.
4—Radio Address. Transcription. WGN.
Address. Sioux City Kiwanis Club Annual Meeting.
5—Radio Address. WGN.
Public Installation Woman's Relief Corps No. 175.
Address. Beth Itzchok Congregation, 4641 N. Drake Ave.
7—Two services. Peoples Church.
8—Radio Address. WGN.
Annual Address. Ad. Post Am. Legion. Sherman Hotel.
Attendance Board Meeting. Peoples Church.
9—Radio Address. WGN.
Youth Conference.
Address. Sheridan Park Neighborhood Club.
10—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Address. Edgewater B'nai Brith Ravenswood Masonic Temple.
11—Radio Address. WGN.
Observer in Judge Braude's Court. Woman's Court.
Book Lecture. People's Church.
12—Radio Address. WGN.
14—Two Services. Peoples Church.

WEDDINGS

DECEMBER

15—Walter B. Ashton and Eunice S. Gibbs.
16—Frank A. Ludwig and Corinne Vanegas.
Guy L. Clarke and Louis Hirt.
Max Paselk and Cecilia Lynch.
18—Edward S. Caldwell and Phyllis Talbot.
21—Kenneth Chandler and Ann Eckert.
23—Ensign James Fors and Delores Grove.
23—Harry Jones and Elsie Mae Colvin.
27—James H. Thayer and Eleanor Barnes.
30—Mirrel Joseph Darrow and Eva McPherson.
31—Ned Wees and Ora C. Branson.

JANUARY

6—Sgt. Howard H. Kastner and Dorothy LaFlare.
Marvin McDaniel and Elaine Ashley.
13—Roy Pitkin and Virginia Rose Cary.

FUNERALS

DECEMBER

19—Mrs. Catherine Berhalter.
20—Alice Cuthbert.
26—Mrs. C. K. Anderson.
28—Joseph Chalsen.
30—Elizabeth Barnett.

JANUARY

2—Miss Idell Tesch.
8—Mrs. Wm. Hunter.
9—Harriet Neuel.
10—Glen E. Magnuson.
11—Edward A. Gross.
12—Jerry Bollman.

WOULD we could coin for thee
new words of praise;
To call thee only great, is mean-
ingless;
Thou didst the woes of humankind
redress,
And the blest standard of our free-
dom raise;
Didst lead us safe o'er strange,
untrodden ways,
And in thy life—that did all truth
express—
Teach us thy cherished creed
which we confess,
The equal rights of men to crown
their days.
Thou didst not sleep in sound of
city's toil;
The din of traffic, murmur of the
mart,
Are far away; within thy native
soil
We leave thee, heart of honor,
Honor's heart;
Not in cathedral's gorgeous sculp-
tured gloom,
But 'neath thy much loved stars, a
fitter tomb.

By RUTH LAWRENCE

BEHOLD the man! The saviour of
his state.
The frontier woodsman of our
Middle West,
The graceless swain, as histories
attest,
Selected, chosen by mysterious fate
To be the leader of the strong, the
great—
The master builder, whom we love
the best
Because his plans were wiser than
the rest,
Because his heart was more invio-
late.

Shambling, he comes; uncouth in
outer form
And yet possessing graces few have
known.
Patience, forbearance, courage of
the storm;
Espousing right, as lovers would
their own.
Lo! there he stands, by weight of
sorrow bent,
The nation's pride—our martyred
President.

By W. C. WAKELEY

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, *Director*

1219 N. LaSalle Street — Whitehall 5257

✦ ✦ ✦

February Production—"OUR TOWN"

by Thornton Wilder, with J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN as Narrator

By popular request the Uptown Players are repeating this important theatrical production which they did in their 1942-43 Season, with many new players in the cast.

Said Alexander Woollcott of "Our Town": "In all my years as a theatre-goer, no play ever moved me so deeply."

✦ ✦ ✦

Tuesday, February 13th—8:00 P. M.

The Uptown Players present DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

in a Play Discussion of

"The Glass Menagerie"

at 1219 N. LaSalle St.

✦ ✦ ✦

DRAMA TEA

Sunday, February 4th, 1945, 4:00 p.m.

presenting J. Bradley-Griffin, in "THE AMERICAN WAY"

with Phil Jorgensen at the piano

Guests of honor: Eddie Dowling from "The Glass Menagerie" and Hugh Marlowe and K. T. Stevens from "The Voice of the Turtle." The Drama Teas are drawing capacity houses.

✦ ✦ ✦

AUDITIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP IN
THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Sunday, February 11th, 1945, 4:00 p.m.

1219 N. LaSalle Street

Anyone interested in acting, business management, scene design, costume, publicity, radio, or any phase of the theatre is eligible for this audition.

✦ ✦ ✦

MARCH PRODUCTION—"THE GREAT MARKUS"

an original comedy by Mary Blum

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
*H. John Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Maj. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Maj. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
*Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
Sgt. James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Cpl. Carroll D. York
Robert Hannum

J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
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James T. Cuzort

*Killed in action.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall... 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening Church Auditorium. 7:30 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall....9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Mon., Feb. 5th, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
International Relations Day, Mrs. Thomas H. Sumner, Chairman. Speaker, Cheng-Poo-Nan, Representative of American Bureau of Medical Aid to China. Subject: "How China Wishes to Be Understood." Music by Little Chinese Band of Four, in Costume. Mon., Feb. 12th, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Birthday and New Members Party, Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman; Book Review by Mrs. Harry Hoppe. Mon., Feb. 26th, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Art Day, Mrs. William Voss, Chairman.
Early American Indian Folk Lore—Neppie Melton.
Soloist, Carol Hinchcliffe.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Mon., Feb. 5th, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

Semi-Annual Meeting. "The Children's Hour"—Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Chairman. Mon., Feb. 19th, Anderson Hall.... 8:30 p.m.
Open Program. The public is invited. No guest fee.
Mrs. James A. Hunter, Asst. Pastor, First Congregational Church of Evanston will speak on "My 22 Years in China."

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday of each month, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Program to be announced. J. A. Ericksen, Sec., 2223 W. Eastwood Ave.

USHERS' CLUB—Second Monday of every month, Anderson Hall; Sec., Wm. Emrich, Ard. 4462 ..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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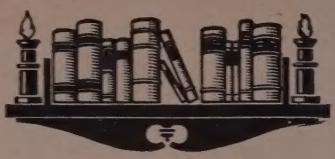

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